FINEST OF ALL ANGLING. DELIGHTS OF SALMON FISHING ON CANADIAN RIPERS.

Conditions That Call for the Highest Skill of the Fisherman—Angling in the Domin-ion Forty Years Ago and Now—A Sport Limited to the Very Rich Chiefly.

The American contingent of salmon fishermen, including angling clubs and individual lessees of Canadian rivers, are on the way to or have already arrived at their destinations. The journey thither is effected under very different conditions from those that prevailed thirty-five or forty years ago. Now travelling on through trains, in an ordinary or a special ear, anglers are landed so near their rivers that the journey up them to the fishing pools is more of a pastime than a hardship. When ie arrives at his goal, if a member of a club, the fisherman finds a house equipped with all the comforts and conveniences that he can desire. If he is the individual owner of a river or of a fishing he is cared for at his own permanent camp

ing that rich Americans have practically sesured control of the best salmon rivers flowing into the Day of St. Lawrence and Chaleur Bay. Thirty-five or forty years ago these waters knew not the American as they do to-day. They were leased by English military men on station in Canada or by Government officials or native residents of Quebec. At that time Quebec was the spring rendezvous of salmon anglers. To reach the rivers beyond the St. Marguerite or those of Gaspé, pilot boats or fishing smacks only were available. The latter with their crows were engaged by the month. The angler, by reason of contrary winds, might be weeks in reaching his destination, land' through such delays his season's fishing might be either lost or greatly curtailed. There was one other course and that was to take passage on the Government steamer which left Quebec early in June to supply the lighthouses in the gulf. The return on these vessels was a matter of uncertainty, and the only recourse was in the hope of encountering at the mouths of the rivers some chance schooner or other vessel bound for Quebec. It was necessary to lay in supplies of provisions at that place for the entire period of absence, and if transportation home was delayed at the close of the season anglers suffered a bad quarter of an hour.

At that time the best rivers did not bring when leased more than \$400; now the poorest fetch as much. In those days many fish were taken in the Jacques Cartler River north of Quaber. This was only a morning's drive from the town, and consequently was the resort of local anglers. At Derv's Bridge shout a dozen miles from the mouth of the stream, is a fall of about ten feet in a narrow gorge, at the bottom of which is a fine pool, where the fish congregated before ascending. Below the town at as great a distance were the St. Anne, St Charles, Port Neuf and other rivers which were a good deal frequented. Salmon were taken in nets at the mouth of the tributary streams of Lake Ontario, but never with the rod. The wonder excited by fish travelling such a distance from salt water and swimming up the rapids of the St. Lawrence has aroused doubts as to whether the Ontario salmon were fresh run fish from the sea or whether they were bull trout-Salmo eriozbut the difference in the markings of the two and the fact that the bull trout has one less vertebra than the salmon dispose of that theory. The only river entering the lake in salmon were not found was the Niagara. Its strong current, deep, abrupt sides and lack of shallows or gravel beds suitable for spawning may account for this. On the other hand, it offers satisfactory food in abundance, but no one ever saw one of the species in the stream.

it is generally supposed that salmon taken with the rod in Canadian rivers forty years ago were of greater size than those killed to-day in the same streams. This is true in a measure of some of the rivers flowing from the north into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and of some that find an outlet into the Bay of Chaleurs. At that time in those particular waters salmon of forty pounds weight were oceasionally caught. To-day the average is from ten to fifteen pounds. Of sixty-seven salmon killed by a single angler forty years ago in the Matepedia, the average weight was leven pounds; the largest weighed twentyfive pounds and the smallest seven and a half nds. Of 279 salmon killed in the Godbout with three rods during June and July, 1862, the average weight was eleven and a half pounds.

The method of ascending the salmon river to the upper pools is no different to-day from what it was forty years ago. The difference in the angler's journey lies in the more rapid means of transportation to the neighborhood of the streams and the permanent and comfortable structures that shelter him on his fishing grounds. Formerly birch bark canoes manned by Indians were necessary for the conveyance of not only the angler, but for all eonveyance of not only the angler, but for all his provisions, tents and luggage as well. The landscape has not changed. Its soft and ploturesque as well as its wild and grand featuresque as well as the supproached me. They had played two or three hands when one of the two were evidently together, remarked that he wild have a good poker hand. The other remarked that he wild have he also had a good poker hand.

"I would be willing to bet \$5 just for fun the hand way, and I will be well as well his provisions, tents and luggage as well. The landscape has not changed. Its soft and pic-

resident anglers. Their weight was a quarter less; they permitted of a greater reach in delivery of the fly and of more rapid retriev-ing of the line. Although their length was not less than those made of greenheart, they were manipulated more easily when raning down the stream with a vigorous fish. In lines, reels and variety of flies no great adwance has been made. Those still remain a matter of individual preference. In the older days the favorite fly was one called the Saturday made by a Scotch tier. Its body was red, blue, green, black or a dun color, with a twist of red at the shoulder. The wings were double; one pair of golden pheasant topping; the other having one side of mailard and the other of teal or woodduck. A very small golden pheasant neck feather was laid over the wings, to which was added a pair of antenas of blue and yellow macaw. More salmon and larger were taken with that lure than with any other, Fashions change in files as in all whar things, but at this day the genuine Satarday or modifications of it are the most valued of a large collection.

In the narrow streams angling for salmon is Sone from the shore; in the wide from a canoe. Of the two methods the active fisherman will prefer the first. With a vigorous fish swimming down the current all the faculties of the angler are called into play. He needs a quick eye and sure foot to dodge the obstructions that lie is his path. He has a cunning and resourceful foe to combat, one that in his various twists, turns and rushes requires prompt large and vigorous salmon, that in his first rush takes nearly all the line off a reel, leaps high up into the air, and then turns up stream. while the swift current makes a bight in the line, and the angier shows a mastery of the craft if he saves his leader and the fish. Sometimes, when the water is deep near the shore, a struck salmen will rush toward the angler until he is within a few feet of the while the swift current makes a bight in the

bank. Then the fisherman must do seme nimble back-stepping to prevent the quarry from making a too acute angle of the line and the rod, so that when the fish turns and rushes toward the middle of the stream the tip of the rod is not broken. Almost every salmon that is struck offers opportunity to meet unexpected contingencies. Each has a different method of endeavoring to free himself from the book. It is this quality of the fish that makes angling for salmon the most fascinating of aports. Moreover, the environment in which it is conducted has a charm distinct from that accompanying any other form of fishing. That for trout more nearly approaches it, but the difference in size of the two fish

casts the balance;on the side of the salmon. Larger fish than the salmon, and sturdy fighters, are taken with the rod; but it is done mainly from boats, where the skill of the boatman is a factor as important to success as that of the angler. The salmon can be taken only in high and solitary latitudes, where the streams are cold, clear and rapid and the air is bracing and laden with the bassamic odor of the pine. The angler does his work on foot, and on his resourceful skill alone depends the capture of his quarry. It is a fair battle between two worthy foes, and the fish is not handicapped by the back paddling of a boatconquering force against which he cannot

or long contend. Whether the conveniences-facility of com munication or transportation, comfortable and almost luxurious quarters at the fishing grounds. &c.—have added or detracted from the charm of salmon fishing in Canadian rivers few men can say. Of those who indulged in the sport thirty-five or forty years ago not many survive, and fewer still take part in it. The present generation that enjoys it will vithout doubt decide emphatically in favor of he later form. To those who indulged in it in the older days and knew nothing of the comparative'y luxurious conditions that environ it o-day, their enjoyment of it was not less. There were hardships and many of them to be encountered, but those who confronted them were inspired by a love so ardent of angling that no obstacles, however great, could chill their enthusiasm. In these times salmon fishing with the rod in Canadian rivers is a sport in which only the very rich can indulge. Of the millions of anglers of the United States today not above 400 can hope to enjoy it.

THE WICKEDNESS OF THIS WORLD. The Bev. Mr. Milburn Tells What He Saw on a Train Going Out of Chicago. From the Indianapolis Sentinel.

The nearest the Rev. J. A. Milburn ever came to indulging in a skin game was on a train oming out of Chicago some time ago. Dr. Milburn tellathe story himself to illustrate the shrewdness of some of the sharks around Chi-

cago who prey upon the unwary.
"The train was crowded," said Dr. Milburn. and I had just settled myself to enjoy my paper. The train was slowly moving out of the denot and I was touched upon the shoulder. I poked into the face of a fine-appearing man who rather impressed me by his manner. He asked me very courteously if I would like to join in a game of cards to while away the time on the train.

'No, sir. I do not care to join in a game of eards.' I replied.

The man apologized for the intrusion, and followed him with my eyes. He stopped by an elderly gentleman two seats from mine, and I supposed asked the same question and reeived an affirmative answer, for the old gentleman arose and followed him down the car a few seats, where two seats had been turned facing each other and were occupied by two

unced was it in fact that I arose and walked back to him. "'You are in trouble, my friend,' said I,

what is it?' "I have just been robbed of \$132, eaid he.

'by those two men who left the car. I am sure I was robbed.' "He then told me that he had been approached by the two men the same as I had been by one of them and had agreed to join in a game of cards to pass away the time. The old gentleman had evidently been called in just

euchre hand.
"Well, said the first speaker with a laugh,
this is getting interesting. We are all friends
here together, and I will just bet \$30 I have you
both beaten."

"Well, said the first speaker with a laugh, 'this is getting interesting. We are all friends here together, and I will just bet \$30 I have you both beaten."

By this time each of the three was more or less excited with the fever of gambling. The second stranger said he would bet \$50 and the young man with the four aces, seeing, as he thought, a chance to earn his expenses off of two plunging brokers or race-horse men, said he would be willing to stake \$15.

The money was pulled out as he said this, and the others hesitated. They said they aim the others hesitated. They said they didn't think their hands were worth that much, but what was \$100 anyway? So the first speaker said he would just bet the even hundred. The second stranger said he was not to be bluffed out in any gentleman's game, and he would bet \$125. The young man, sure now that he was with two mere plungers, said he would just go broke on his hand, and, as he had just \$132 with him, he would bet that.

Well, I guess you have me beaten this time,' remarked the first speaker, but I am going to throw you a little more money and just call you."

The other man did the same, remarking that he was going to see the thing through if he spent all his pecket money. There was \$356 on the grip they were using for a table.

'I have a king full,' said the first speaker.' I have a king full,' said the first speaker.'

I have a king full, said the first speaker. Is that good?

'No good, said the young man excitedly. Thave four aces.'

'King, queen, jack, ten and nine of diamonds—straight flush, said the second stranger. The train was slowing up for Grand avenue station. The man, as he called his hand, threw the cards down, grabbed up the money, pushed the young man's grip over his lap and in five seconds the two men were gone.

'Of course, I was skinned, said the young man brokenly, 'and I don't know how I will get home.'

man brokenly, and I don't know how I will get home.'
"And to think," said Mr. Milburn, "those two sharpers approached that young man, got him into a game of cards, brought the subject up to betting, made him think he had the best of the bargain and succeeded in robbing him of \$132, all in less than twenty minutes. They were certainly adepts with a wonderful knowledge of physiognomy. I have marveiled over it ever since.

TOM PLACIDE'S OLD HOME SOLD. Kary Alice Almont Livingston Fleming' Husband Is the Purchaser.

Toms River, N. J., June 3.-Yesterday Henry R. Frey, husband of Mrs. Mary Alice Almont Livingston Fleming, purchased the old "Tom Placide property," near this place, from the Coudert brothers of New York, who took the property some years ago under a mortgage that had been given them by the late Mrs. Bliss. The house stands just across the river from the Island Heights camp-meeting ground It is a large, square old structure with a peaked roof, and is surrounded by twenty acres of lawn and woodland. The lawn slopes down to the river. The house has long been known to baymen and boatmen of Barnegat Bay as "the haunted house." Tales are told by the superstitious among the watermen of strange lights that pass from one to another of the windows of the house on winter nights when it is known to be unoccupied, the lights showing first upstairs, then down; in one room, then in another. And many a waterman whose daily occupation causes him to risk his life times without number would hesitate long before approaching this house when the lights are seen after night.

There may be reasons for the avoidance with which the baymen regard the house. Here it was that Tom Placide, the actor, died. It was here that his stepdaughter, Mrs. Bliss, lived many years, and here that her daughter. Mary Alice Almont Livingston, better known as Mrs. Fleming, who a short time ago was acquitted in New York city of poisoning her mother. came to live as a young girl from a Catholic convent. It was here that Mr. and Mrs. Bliss continued to live together after a divorce had been granted them. It was also here that the daughter lived when she began her suit for breach of promise against Stockbroker Fieming of New York, in which she secured a verdiet for \$75,000-the largest damages ever given in such a suit. Tom Placide came to Toms River about

thirty years ago, and it is now twenty-one years since he committed suicide by putting a bullet through his head from his favorite duelling pistol. Placide was born in Charleston. S.C. When a lad of 20 years he met Mary Ann McKnight. She was twelve years his

S.C. When a lad of 20 years he met Mary Ann McKnight. She was twelve years his senior, beautiful and accomplished. She admired the talented young actor, but thought herself too old for him, and doubted the insting power of his boyish affection. So she married another suitor, a Mr. Davis, older than herself. Piscide, with his elder brother Harry, advanced rapidly to fame. He was known as a prince of goo! fellows, and as being as honest as the day was long. But he remained la bachelor. In 1888, when Placide was 60 years old and Mrs. Davis was 72, he met her again. This time she was a widow. Placide resumed his suit of forty years before with all the vigor of the youth of those days and all the courtliness and deference that the years had added. This time he was successful, and after they were married he withdrew from the stage and settled down at Toms River.

Here he seems to have led a happy life until a cancer developed in his mouth, much the same as the one that had killed his brother Harry. He suffered untold agony, and at last planned to take his own life. His wife's daughter. Mrs. Bliss, and her husband were living with them. He persunded his wife and Mr. Bliss to go to New York to attend to some business that needed attention on Friday, July 20, 1×77. He then wrote a letter and gave it to Mrs. Bliss, asking her to drive to the village and give it to Cant, Britton C. Cook, proprietor of the Ocean House, Just as Mrs. Bliss drove off, an old friend of the actor rounded up his yacht at Placide's wharf and came into the house. Placide's wharf and came into the house, Placide's wharf and came into the covered his head who he he was hortined. All this

few seats, where two seats had been turned facing each other and were occupied by two gentlemen, one of them a young man of refined appearance, resembling a professional man.

"I saw introductions made and the four settle themselves for their game and thought no more of the circumstance till the train was pulling up for Grand avenue station, when I noticed two men pass hurriedly by my seat out on to the platform and disappear in the crowd. As they left the car I noticed one of them was the same man who had asked me to join in the game of cards.

"I was somewhat surprised at this, as I had inferred that the gentleman was beginning a long journey, and we had been on the train but twenty minutes. Grand avenue station being only about eight or nine miles out. In fact, we were still in Chicago.

"I looked back to the seats where I had seen the four settle themselves for their game of cards and saw the young man sitting there alone. He seemed to be in distress. Indeed, it was very apparent that he was in deep trouble. So pronounced was it in fact that I arose and walked back to him.

that a gentleman of your years, who can live but little longer at most, should be more care-ful of his language and endeavor to break off the habit of profanity."

Tom took the sermon good-naturedly. He dearly loved his friend, the Judge, but he loved better to chaff him. With a very sober face he

better to chaff him. With a very sober face he began:

Judge, you're a pretty good kind of a man yourself, aren't you?"

The Judge admitted that he tried to be.

You go to church regularly?"

Another acquiescence on the Judge's part.

You pury a good deal, too, don't you?"

Yes, the Judge had to wrestle daily in prayer to keep down the old Adam that is in us all.

"Well, Judge, I'll tell you how it is"—Tom was no longer able to repress a smille—"You pray a good deal and I swear a good deal, but neither of us means anything by it."

Tom also tried his hand at writing epitaphs. One of the village magnates had accumulated a large fortune through being not overgenerous with what he had carned. Tom convulsed his cronics, none of whom needed to ask the mark at which the shaft was almed, with the following:

Here lies the body of Old Sixty Per Cent.

Wing:
Here lies the body of Old Sixty Per Cant.;
The more he made the less he spent;
The less he spent, the more he slaved;
My God, can such a soul be saved!
My God, can such a soul be saved! Poor Tom has rested for more than twenty years in the family burying ground of his old friend, William Jeffrey.

HUSKIES OF THE NORTH.

The Dogs, Half Wolf, Half Collie, Used for Sledging in Alaska.

Dr. Alex. Gale, who has just returned to his nome in New York city from a two years' visit to the gold fields of British America, describes the Alaskan dogs (the "huskles") of that country as the only objects that to any degree meet the expectations of the traveller or com-

mand his respect. "Everything else wanes as one advances northward and the mercury sinks," said Dr. Gale. "The whole land is a great, silent waste. In winter it is submerged in snow, and in sum-mer a deep sponge-like moss, the lair of untold billions of voracious mosquitoes, lies over all. like a witch's blanket. But the huskies are a jor forever. They are great, vigorous fellows, half wolf, and weigh 100 pounds often. They

inke a wince a blanket. But the muskies are a joy forever. They are great, vigorous fellows, half wolf, and weigh 100 pounds often. They are cheerful and playful, too, and live on one meal a day, given them at evening. Upon being released from their heavy sledges, after having dragged them through the snow for thirty or forty miles, they would invariably go to rompling. After being led they would curl themselves up like kittens, place their bushy thais over the tips of their noses and go to sleen.

"The huskies never bark. If excited or troubled about anything they turn their noses up to the sky and whine, very much as a wolf does. But the strength and endurance of these dogs amazed me most. Two of them would easily drag a man on a sledge all about, while a team of eight were equal to really prodigious tasks. Such a team sold on the coast for \$2,000 once while I was there. Every one soon grew to learn that they were the only kind of animals to depend upon. Horses soon became farged and had to be abandoned before the interior could be reached.

"One American brought several huge Newfoundlands up with him, thinking to train them to toil with the huskies of his team. They proved utter failures, giving out the first day and sitting down in the snow. Their more sturdy companions waited till they were detached and then took the sledge on themselves. Their only shortcoming lies in a tendency at times to be lazy. Sometimes it is absolutely necessary to whip one or more for shirking his work. This was always a painful duty because of their keen and often pathetic intelligence. The victim was nearly always conscious of his guilt, and would set up a half-human whine at the first sign of the lash."

According to popular belief, the busky is half wolf and half Scotch collie. According to tradition he dates back to the time when the trappers for the Hudson Bay Company overran the country in the last century. A Frenchman named Marnot, having made friends with an ladian, woke one morning to find that he had been robbed of his

ON THE GRIZZLY'S TRAIL. stream and at the water holes he came to, where from the indications, he seemed to have WHITE MAN AND AN INDIAN WHO CAUGHT UP WITH A BEAR.

Then Their Quickness in Climbing Trees

Prevented the Bear from Catching Up with Them-Siege of the Hunters by the Game-Final Oversight of the Grizzly. KIPP, Mon., May 20.-For a wonder the wind ild not blow, something very unusual in the Bockles. The Indians say that there is a great

animal they name Ai-so-pomstan (windmaker), that lives on the summit of the mountains, and by the flapping of his immense ears causes the windstorms which nine days out of ten throughout the year sweep down through the passes and over the foothills of the great divide and make life miserable for the dwellers of the prairie beyond. Just now we read of summer costumes in New York, of excursions to Coney Island, and here we are with a wind blowing at the rate of forty miles an hour; the sky is overcast with lead-colored clouds and there are two inches of snow on the ground. But on this day, exactly a year ago this

month, for once the wind-maker forgot to flap his ears, and St. Mary's Lake had not even a ripple on its surface. The towering snow-clad and glacial heights which rise almost perpendicularly from its shores were reflected by the placid waters and gave one a double view of mountain scenery unsurpassed in this or any other country. The waters of the lake are as clear as crystal, and the rocky and pebbly bottom can be seen at a depth of more than sixty feet. Early in the morning Bear-head, a Biackfoot Indian, and I had embarked in a skiff we had built, and started oue to catch some trout, of which there were three varieties in the lake. There was the lake trout, the mountain trout, and, above all, the trout popularly and unfortunately named the Dolly Varden. Why so grand a gamefish should have such a name surpassed our understanding. We of the West call it the bull trout, and it certainly deserves the name. Once hooked, it struggles harder and takes longer to tire out than any other member of the salmon family. After taking the deceptive fly it leaps time and again from the water. descends to the lowest depths, only to rise again, and makes a stubborn fight worthy of its name until finally brought to the gaff or landing net. This was the fish we were after. and rowing along the shore to where a moun-tain stream poured the milky water of the glaciers into the lake, I began to whip the eddying foam-flecked swirl caused by the inrushing waters. A goodly fish of six pounds weight took the fly at once, and after a vallant struggle was finally brought into the boat. Then a much larger one took the fly, and at the same instant Bear-head pointed to a small pinefringed park or prairie saying excitedly: O-mok ni-tapé-kai yo." (There is a real

bear. The Blackfeet have a great respect for the grizzly and so have named him the real bearhe actual bona-fide bear as distinguished from the other variety, the black, for whom they have no fear or veneration. Looking up at Bear-head's exclamation I saw

an immense grizzly in the upper end of the park busily digging up the sod and dirt where a ground squirrel or perhaps a marmot had made its home. 'Ap-6-tos kitomi-kan" (let go the fish), said

Bear-head. I quickly saw that was the only thing to do for we were not very far from the animal and

in our exposed position he might see us at any minute. So the line was cut at the reel and fifty or more feet of the best enamelled silk, a new eader and fly disappeared with the trout and we rowed to shore. We had only one rifle with us, an old-fashioned rim-fire piece belonging to Bear-head, which did not always shoot true But we wanted that bear, and I thought that at reasonably close range I might shoot near enough to the animal's heart to kill him. Leaving the boat we skulked along the shore until we reached the pines, and, sheltered by the drooping and dark green foliage of the smaller trees which bordered the park, began to ap-

proach the game. The bear continued to dig, throwing out as much as a shovelful of dirt at each stroke of his long, wide paws. We soon arrived within sixty or seventy yards of him, and, taking if ong, careful aim, I pulled the trigger of the old weapon. Simultaneously with the report of the gun the bear jumped backward with a of the gun the bear jumped backward with a roar of pain, rolled over and over, clawing at a place in his side between the ribs and the hanneh. Two, three more shots were fred without effect, and before more could be got in the beast ran off into the timber on the orposite side of the park. We went to the place where he had been digging and found a hole large enough to conceal a man; earth, stones and large pieces of sod had been removed in a few minutes which would would have been a few minutes which would be sufficiently the form of the fo

After viewing the work and measuring the great footprints of the digger in the loose, moist earth, we went on to where the bear had vanished in the pines, and with one accord stopped again.

"toon." Bear-headurged; "Filifollow; when you see old sticky mouth just brain him."

This instruction was plain enough, but I had no ambition to make a record or distinguish myself as a trailer. The bear was wounded; he was in the thick pines, nerhaps lying in wait beside the trail to pounce upon any pursuers, which is a familiar trick of the grizzly, and one often disastrous to the hunter. So I handed the rifle to the Indian, and replied:

"Take you the rifle and follow up the trail of this wounded one. There will I rest and smoke a cigarette."

"I myself feel the need of a cigarette," said Bear-head. "It's a long time since we last smoked in the coat."

It might have been twenty minutes since we had done so, but we now sat down and rolled our little papers of tobacco and lighted them. After inhaling a few whiffs the Indian said:

"The whites are great medicine. They have made the lightning captive, and use it to talk with each other across the world. Handling ail these fearful things as they do, of course they are not afraid of a common bear."

"It's true." I replied. "that the white men do as you say. They travel on the fire ways and talk with each other by the dreadful lightning's aid. But yet, as you know, their ways are the ways of peace; they do not care to quarrel with man or beast. Now you are different; you people are warriors. I know your history. Your chiefs are the men who have been in the front of battle; they are the aekinowledged leaders because they have bravely men the enemy and conquered them, taking many scalns. Therefore I think that you, who are yourself the son of a chief, should take this gun, and, following up the trail of this bear we have wounded, keep on until you find it. and then give it the death shot it deserves. I have heard your fathers count their couns; they told of killing men; surely yo

I believe that if he could have done it he would have jumped into bed and pulled the covers over his head.

"We were always very careful that he didn't get hurt in loading or unloading, for he was worth a good deal of money to us. Many a time, when we had a thick fog, I'd hunt for that dog and keep him near me. He was better than a chart. He could smell land further away than a man could see it in fair weather, and all of us kept a close watch on him during a fog. If he jumped up and down as though something pleased him very much you could be certain that we were getting close to land. "I remember one time we were coming down Lake Superior from Dufath in a heavy fog. We had had fog all the way up, and Jackson, that was his name, was pretty tired of sailing when we reached Duluth and tried to jump us, but we couldn't spare him and he stayed with us. We didn't have as many lights in those days as we do now and it was no easy thing to take a boat from the upper end of Lake Sunerior to Sault Ste. Marie upper end of Lake Sunerior to Sault Ste. Marie upper end of Lake Sunerior to Sault Ste. Marie upper end of Lake Sunerior to Sault Ste. Marie upper end of Lake Sunerior to Sault Ste. Marie in alog that was with you all the time.

"Jackson was so disgusted that he jost all

make no noise. You have a knife; hold it in your hand and be ever ready to defend me in case we are surprised."

I took my lackknife out, opened it, and made several passes with it through the air. The blade was not long enough to go through a fat hear's ribs.

Go on, "I exclaimed. "I'll follow you, of course, and if necessary I'll cut the heart out of the beast with this weapon."

We started and soon found the trail of the bear by the occasional splotches of blood on the dead pine needles. But the paws of the bears left no impression on their smooth, springy surface, and our progress was slow. The trail ied up the narrow, densely timbered valley of a mountain streamlet which I afterward named Mad Bear Creek. Fir, pine and baisam crowded one snother, endeavoring to reach the sunlight, and it was dim. still, and gloomy under their interlacing branches. There was now a dense undergrowth which helped to obscure the trail we were following. With the Indian I believe that the bear is almost human in his intelligence. Wandering about in search of food, he would have trampled a broad plain path through the brush and weeds; but now, wounded and expecting that he might be followed, he would have trampled a broad plain path through the brush and weeds; but now, wounded and expecting that he might be followed, the cunning animal went through the patches of delicate ferms and flowers without bruising a single plant. The only way we could distinguish his course was by the blood which dropped from his wound and dyed the broad light-green leaves of the plants.

At first we proceeded very cautiously, but as we ascended the steep valley and saw that the bear kept on a certain course without stop or deviation, we grew bolder and pushed on as ranidly as the trail could be discerned. The bear seemed to know that he would be followed, and although severely wounded he kept steadily on up the valley, stopping only at the part of the part o "Jackson was so disgusted that he lost all interest in the boat and spent the time sleeping on deck. When we were about abreast White-fish Point I was figuring that we were outside far enough to be safe, and was not the least bit nervous. Suddenly Jackson jumped up and ran to the rail and put his paws up as though he expected to look right over to a dock.

"I saw him and at once gave the engineer the signal to check, and Jackson barked as though he was immensely pleased. I signalled to stop and yelled to the first mate to get out the leaf. Just than I saw a lumber schooner loom up in the fog, and I'll tell you we were so close together when she passed that I could almost touch her booms. That dog had smelled that boat, sure as you're born, and if I hadn't checked there would have been a collision and then a suit, and I would have had hard work to explain why I was not sounding a fog signal." Jackson was so disgusted that he jost all Prefers His Glory While Alive.

From the Aronstook (Mr.) Pronter.

DOGS USED AS BAROMETERS.

Craft in Case of Fog.

sign of a storm hunt for a hiding place.

erying, and I couldn't keep him away from my

When the storm would strike us he would be

under the bunks and in corners where he could not see anything and could not be easily seen.

I believe that if he could have done it he would

BUFFALO, June 3.-Masters of steamers and

From the Arontook (Ms.) Proseer.

A few years ago the river drivers were working on the West Branch. The logs had ammed into a nasty snari, and no one hankered for the job of going out with a cantdog and starting the key log. In the crew was an Indian who was noted for his cooiness and his keenness. The boss finally looked over in his direction. "Lacoote," he said, "you go out and break the jam, and I'll see that you get a nice puff in the paper." The redskin looked at the logs and then at the boss. "Dead Injun look d-n nice on paper," he grunted, and walked away.

THE SILENT MAN KILLED.

A LINCHING PARTY CONDUCTED BY DAYE MATHES.

Nerve and Canning of the Man Who Was for a Time Marshal of Las Vexas—Wining Out of the Heary Gang—bengasition of the Man Killer from Office.

"To The Sun's recent story entitled 'A Hollday at Las Vexas, in which Mysterious Dave Mashes figured, I can add some history which will further illustrate the nerve and unserupulous cunning of that silent man killer," said a man from New Mexico now visiting New York. "I was one of the party that went out under his command after the survivors of the Henry gang on the day following the killing of Joe Carson, the City Marshal. Dave's pistol had accounted for two of the gang in the dance hall—Big Randall was dead and Jim West lay mortally wounded in the jail—and had wounded Tom Henry. Burt Henry and Dorsey, the cook of the gang, were still at large, though we knew pretty well where to go for them. We rode out of the Las Vegas plaza in the gray of the December morning, feeling that our work was cut out for us and that there might be casualties among us before our return. Tom Henry's desperato charactor was well known, and with his life already forfeited through the murder of Carson it was reasonably certain that he would sell it dear. It took two hours for our horses hoofs to hammer out the twelve miles of frozen trail that led to the cultawa' rendezvous, and the sun was an hour high when we came in sight of the shack that sheltered them. It was built of logs chinked with mud, and loopholed, and it commanded a clear yiew and the converted them. It was built of logs chinked with mud, and loopholed, and it commanded a clear yiew and the converted them. It was built of logs chinked with mud, and loopholed, and it commanded a clear yiew and the converted them. It was built of logs chinked with mud, and loopholed, and it commanded a clear yiew and the converted them. It was built of logs chinked with mud, and loopholed, and it commanded a clear yiew and the commanded a clear yiew and the commanded a clear yiew and where, from the indications, he seemed to have rolled and pawed about in the water and mud. As we went rapidly along the trail these signs became fresher and fresher, until the crossings of the stream had found the crossing of the stream had now so in pregnated with mud that the bottom of the naturally crystal pools could not be seen. When we came upon these evidences of our closer approach to the bear, the Indian began to go slower and slower, until wa moved along almost as slowy as the proverbial snail.

Go on brother, I finally exclaimed. If we can be fore it read may not overtake our tain and descends into the valley beyond and the stream of the countries of them. It was built of logs chinked with mud. and loopholed, and it commanded a clear view of more than 500 yards in every direction The outlaws were at home, for sitting in the open doorway, with a Winchester rifle in his hands, was Tom Henry, waiting to receive us "Mysterious Dave, the leader of our party, had said no word to indicate what he proposed

to do to dislodge the outlaws from their strong hold. To attempt to storm the cabin in the face of Henry with his repeating rifle would mean the certain loss of several of our party. with failure perhaps in the end. To sit down to starve the outlaws out meant a long siege which would have involved great exposure and suffering to the besieging party. We all looked to our silent leader, who rode steadily on, giv ing no order to halt until we had gone a full hundred yards into the open space, expecting every moment to see Henry get to work with Winchester, Here Mathes dismounted laid his rifle and pistols on the ground, and, telling us to wait, started on foot, unarmed, toward the cabin where the man whom he had wounded sat covering him with a rifle. As an exhibition of straight-out nerve it took our breath away, and none of us would have wagered two bits

on the chance of his getting through the business alive. Once the outlaw raised his Winchester as if to shoot, but Mathes only held up his hands above his head and walked straight on. Near the door of the cabin he stopped, and the two men held a parley, which iasted a quarter of an hour. What passed between them none of us ever knew positively, but Henry and Dorsey both said what Mathes never dehe would not stir far from the place where no had lain down.

"Bear-head," I said at last, "if I only had some string I could trim some of these branches, leaving a hook at the end of one of them, and, splicing them together, reach the

quarter of an hour. What passed between them none of us ever knew positively, but Henry and Dorsey both said what Mathes never denied, that he protection against iynching and a fair trial in the courts. The pariey ended with the appearance of Dorsey at the door and the three men started for us, Henry walking with expearance of Dorsey at the door and the three men started for us, Henry walking with difficulty and supported by Mathes and Dorsey on either side of nim. At this plain evidence of surrender we rode for the party part in the gastronomic programme, unless in the door and the three men started for us, Henry walking with difficulty and surported by Mathes and Dorsey on either side of nim. At this plain evidence of surrender we rode for horses and the party returned to Las Vexas with the prisoners, riding slowly on account of Henry's wound. It was afternoon before we got toack to the plaza. Henry and Dorsey were say which the prisoners, riding slowly on account of Henry's wound. It was afternoon before we got toack to the plaza. Henry and Dorsey were say strong against the outlaws, and there was a strange quiet in the town that day that they should be lynched. But with the coming of evening there was a strange quiet in the town the day that they should be lynched. But with the coming of evening there was a strange quiet in the town the bars, the play was light at the gaming tables, the dance-hall girls lolled about particless, and everywhere there was the air of suspense and walting. Not long after dark little groups began to gather at the corners alout the plaza, and there green agreed a little group began to gather at the corners alout the plaza, and they are the remaining the party had been passed that Mysterious lave wound act as master of eeresticy. The play was light at the gaming state of the proposed provided pro them, and, splitting them together, reach the gun and draw it up.

"Cut your sticks quickly," he said. "I'll furnish the string," and pulling off his thin cotton shirt, he becan to tear it into strips, which he rolled into a bail on the end of a short piece of wood and tossed over to me. It was no small task to cut, trim and splice enough of the branches to reach from the lower limbs of my free to the gun, for while I worked I had to lean against the trunk and use my hands on the opposite side of it. But I finally spliced on the last piece, and then slowly and cautiously began to reach for the gun. My pole was very heavy, and the green wood was so limber that the hooked end bent and swayed about almost beyond control. After many attempts, and when almost tired out, I had the satisfaction of seeing the hook pass through in my hand.
"Don't shoot him dead." Bear head are out. in my hand.

Don't shoot him dead," Bear-head cried out,

Just wound him a few times and we'll have
some fun." "All right. I'll just touch him up in the stomach. Watch!"

Alas! The old gun played us a trick again, and instead of entering where I aimed the ball pierced the bear's heart and he died aimost without a struggle. In a short time we had his heavy hide off and packed it leisurely down

ow barges on the lakes have a fondness for dogs, and on dozens of the boats running be-tween Lake Erie ports and upper lake ports logs are carried. Sailors generally show an inclination for pets, but the dog is something more than a pet on the lakes. He is a valuable member of the crew. He is considered as trustworthy as a barometer in giving notice of an approaching storm. Most of these dogs are cowards in storms. Occasionally a Captain finds a dog that is not afraid of heavy weather and seems to enjoy the rolling or pitching of the boat, but as a rule dogs are as afraid of a gale as a woman passenger, and at the first "I had a dog that was as much like a woman as it was possible for an animal to be," said a Captain who has carried a dog with him for nearly a quarter of a century. "He could tell a storm was coming long before I could notice it, and often before the barometer would

change. He would come to me whining and heels. He seemed to be asking me to put him ashore or to find a comfortable place for him. I used to feel sorry for him, he'd carry on so, out of sight, and we often found him hiding

never floated back to New Mexic made red history twenty years ago.

TWO MARKED PARK SQUIRRELS, Cook-Eye" and "Flirt"-Makes Friends

with Wheelmen-Flirt Has Two Robins for His Playmates-A Chipmunk Trie, Near the Seventy-second street entrance to Central Park, on the west side, are two long, shady arbors now inhumed in masses of purple vine flowers. These arbors are much frequented by wheelmen, who gather there after spin to rest and watch the antics of a hundred or more squirrels. The little fellows are extremely tame, and the evelists have made great pets of them. Of course, to secure the entire good will and friendship of the selfish regues it is necessary to feed them, and thus he usual costume of knickerbockers, cap and long hose has become associated in the minds of the animals with nuts, particularly peanuts, and other delicacies which most appeal to their oracious appetites.

If you are arrayed in the cyclist's uniform and will rap softly on the back of a bench in one of the arbors with a nut, like a flash comes a merry bounding, leaping swarm to perch upon your knees and shoulders and chatter forth a welcome the sincerity of which depends upon the extent of the provision you have made for their entertainment. They stand on no ceremony, these intrepid little beggars. Once you have produced the good things they grasp for their allotted portions. squat upon their fat haunches and fall to like the insatiable gourmands they are. Just as long as you provide they will accomplish their part in the gastronomic programme, unless in-

the most christon. Then, a are still, the last is a procession of the control of the pair. The procession of the control of the pair is the pair and the pair. The pair and th